

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 292.

## STILL THEY COME !

The Crowd pushes too hard, and tumbles over the bodies of those who fainted.

## THE THIEVES CAUGHT AND JAILED !

An Immense Excitement and People talk about Lynching the Scoundrels.

## GUNS & PISTOLS FREELY DISPLAYED

"ALL ABOUT THE LATEST NEWS." How it Happened and what it was, is explained in few words. **THE STORE OF D. KLASS** was so crowded yesterday that two persons fainted, and some one cried FIRE, THIEVES, the Police arrived in time, and in order to avoid any more accidents and give each one a chance to get some of the great bargains almost given away, Mr. Klass had two special men stationed to keep the crowd in line, in order to give each one a chance to participate in this slaughtering sale. Never in the history of Stanford were Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and furnishing Goods, &c., &c., sold at such a sacrifice. No Mercy, no Pitty on any Article. Everyone will and must go. CASH buys them, nothing will be charged. The time is short, only till January 1st and no longer. Come early in the morning and avoid the rush. Ladies are especially requested to come in the morning before the rush. Remember this is a forced sale on account of positive change in my business.

**D. KLASS.**

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—G. M. Givens, having found a ready market for his mules at Atlanta, got home on Tuesday.

—Ladies, please give me a call. You will find Santa Claus at the postoffice. Respectfully, Mrs. Adelia Woods, P. M.

—Christmas is likely to come with a boom, judging by the unprecedented supply of toys, confectionery, &c., arranged so temptingly, especially in the drug stores.

—The less festive of our population are quietly rejoicing in the report that we have a new town marshal, who is said to be conscientiously opposed to the use of any kind of artillery unless orthodoxy loaded with legitimate powder and lead.

—The Literary society of Christian College will give an entertainment on Friday night at the College chapel, where among other attractions "The Crying Family" will be presented by an amateur troupe. From the array of well known talent to be upon the boards, a pleasant evening is confidently anticipated. Admission only 10 cents.

—Young America is asserting herself especially in our business houses. Tom Hunn has repainted, furnished and stocked his house in lavish profusion, and is prepared with "bane and antidote" to create and cure almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to." At the present writing E. Kennedy is officiating behind the toy and confection counter looking sweater and more innocent than any of his wares; while Jim Bryant, one of the most accomplished druggists in the land, preides blandly over pill and portion, spatula and galipot, with a grace that almost induces us to covet a spell of sickness for sake of the luxury of being cured. Across the street J. G. Weatherford has thoroughly cleaned and decorated the old drug store stand, sparing neither expense nor pains in making it one of the nicest concerns of the kind in the country. Peacock attends at present to the prescription department, while Jim Gode in brand new toggy, pinnacled with a stunning plug hat is "watching the world" with graceful evolution, dignified demeanor and pitying apothegms. Our other business men have not yet recovered from the shock of these new departures, but there is a perceptible "shaking among the dry bones" and we look for a resurrection soon.

—The girls are already beginning to return from the various schools for the school girl's elysium—name and the ho-ho pays. Well, let us sympathize with them. By a little effort, it seem to me, the gravest and the gravest of us might gather up from amid the miscellaneous rubbish of the buried past, reminiscences of a time when as guilty and as gladsome—perhaps more guiltyless—as any of the gushing boys and girls of the present, we looked forward to, and revelled in the joys, the gleesome frolics, the conquests and mayhaps the heart aches, of the Christmas festival. Then to the young and joyous we would cordially say: "To each and all a merry Christmas!" merriment in the absence of pain and sorrow—merry in a grateful sense of the significance of the season—merry in the hopes re-brightened by its annual return—merry in the opportunity to aid and comfort those less blessed with worldly enjoyments—especially merry in the spirit which animated the choral angels when they ushered it in with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

—A woman in Memphis heard the door-bell ring and went to answer the summons. Standing on the doorstep was the figure of her husband who had died five years before. She was greatly frightened, but did not lose her senses, and managed to ask what the ghostly visitor wanted. The apparition made no reply, but passed into the house, went straight to an old cupboard, and pointed out a secret compartment in the wood-work. The spook then faded away right before the lady's eyes. On examining the place pointed out she found \$1,500 in paper money and a number of papers of considerable value.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT,  
Lancaster.

—J. L. Yantis sold to B. G. Goyer, of Lincoln, his farm of 137 acres.

—A coon and dog fight on the square was the source of much merriment Wednesday.

—The indications are good this Thursday morning for a cold Christmas. This will please everybody.

—Samuel B. Harris, Jr., has bought out the store of R. L. Bettis and will take possession January 1st. Mr. Bettis thinks of locating in Louisville.

—Married, December 22d, Robert Lawson to Mary D. Miller; December 21st Taylor House to Louisa Sutton, December 22d, George W. Saddler to Louisa Hardin.

—Messrs. Eggleman & Farris will get the Lancaster Hotel livery stable. It seems they held the refusal of it and the sale was made to Mr. Crutcher with that proviso.

—Lischer Ossley is quite sick at the Annapolis naval academy. Deputy Collector W. S. Miller went to Harrodsburg this week on business for the government.

—The goose bone is off on the weather to day. Thursday I say about the 22d it will be warm for the season. Instead of that it is one of the coldest days of the sea-son.

Carter Harrison's Bath in Japan

—Then one of the girls lets us the date is ready. We undress and put on a robe. A girl shows us to the bath room. It is down stairs and has only a Japanese screen to screen off the girls of the habitus of the house. The tub is a round wooden vat about four feet deep. You put your foot in to try the temperature. The foot at once takes the hue of a boiled lobster. You never sneeze. The girl laughs and tempts a pair of cold water in. You then wait for her to go out. She does not budge. You can't, to save you, think of Japanese enough to tell her to get. Finally, by a lot of awkward signs, you get her beyond the screen. But not an inch further. There she stands and waits, so innocently as did good old Eve when Adam poured into her willing ears his first declaration of undying seduction.

—There are things that try men's souls and call for heroic courage. One can scale the bristling wall, can march into the mouth of a hot-throated cannon, can mount the scaffold with the shining ax glistening in the sun, can tell the girl he loves how he would win and wed her, can make a maid in speech in the House of Representatives; but these are easy tasks compared to that of getting into a hot bath with a pretty Japanese girl looking at you, too, with a ratiom screen-looking at you, too, with as much sang froid as if she were seeing a 3 months old baby stripped of its little dangled shirt.

—Finally patience gives out, you drop your robe and jump in. Good heavens! The pair of cold water did cool the thing, but the furnace is still adding scald. You feel much as did the poor Japanese martyrs, when a few hundred years ago, the heathen wretches boiled them into grease. You forget the girl and everything else and jump out thoroughly clothed, i.e., clothed in scald skin. And these are the things which try men's souls. —[Chicago Mail.]

—Prisoner, did you kill this boy?" "I did, your honor; I cut his throat. He shot me in the ear with a rubber sling and—"

—The prisoner is discharged and the sheriff will give him back his knife and tell the janitor to sharpen it for him."

—The secret of raising fowls is to keep them healthy and free from disease, especially cholera. The best remedy ever discovered for that is Ginter's Chicken Cholera Cure. It is warranted and sold by McRberts & Stagg.

—The limited train on the St. Paul & Duluth road went down an embankment at Mahtowa, Minn., killing the engineer and several other persons.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Natural gas will yet be piped from Rockcastle to the cities.

—Mr. W. F. D-Bird and Miss Amanda Catron, of the Level Green neighborhood, loped to Jellico Monday and were married.

—Misses Alice and Nannie Jones, of Laurel county, returned home after a brief visit to Level Green accompanied by Miss O. A. Catron.

—F. L. Clifford, agent at Livingston, and L. A. Case, operator at Sinks, are visiting Louisville. Ad Catron has gone South with a car of mules.

—A five year-old son of James Hiatt, of Wildie, while playing about the yard with a pen knife in his hand, stumbled and fell, the knife penetrating his neck, cutting one of the large arteries. He can hardly live.

—The Baptists will hold a convention at Williamsburg on Dec. 31 for the purpose of appointing trustees for the management of the proposed college to be built at that place. This county should send a good delegation.

—B. A. Yodon, of Brodhead, has been boring for water for some time on the lot of J. G. Frith. A few days ago at the depth of about 115 feet a small vein of natural gas was struck. The boring still continues in hopes of finding a larger vein, which if found will be used for heating and lighting purposes.

—Dave Robinson, of Livingston, has an infant daughter nearly a week old that is quite a curiosity. One or two of the lumbar vertebrae are absent, leaving an opening of nearly two inches, communicating with the internal cavity and cutting off the nerve supply for the lower extremities, rendering them useless and immovable.

—A man who takes a little wine under the notion that he is going to be strengthened by it and brought up for a special effort, is entirely at sea, because there is nothing so completely disturbs the functions so as to produce disorder of mind like strong drink. I do not care whether we go to the rill, or to rowing, or to an operation performed by a surgeon, or to drive an engine or a coach, or to ride in a race, or to conduct an orchestra—wherever presence of mind is required—all through we never get anything but embarrassment from alcohol. Those most ready for emergencies are those most free from a substance which produces so much disturbance. The reason is clear. The physiological effect is to relax, to destroy tension, to take power from every part of the body.

—Soundings in the Pacific Ocean have been made to the depth of from 5,000 to 6,000 fathoms. The deepest sounding known was made in the South Atlantic Ocean, being 7,706 fathoms, 81 miles. Iron was used for the sinker; both lead and iron sink rapidly to the greatest depths. The pressure at the depth of 5 miles is 11,000 pounds per square inch.

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—Have you spoken to my daughter?" asked the old man. "No, sir; I wanted your consent first." "Well, I advise you to give up the idea. I don't believe she would marry you; and if she did neither of you would be happy." "Why do you think so, sir?" "Because you part your hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."

—Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness.

—Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters.

—Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or your eyes.

—Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

—Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.

—Examine into your own shortcomings rather than those of others.

—Act as if you expected to live a hundred years, but might die to-morrow.

—Be content to do things you can and feel not because you can't do everything.

—Never repin in kind to a sharp or angry word; it is the second word that makes the quarrel.

—Make the best of what you have and do not make yourself miserable by wishing for what you have not. —[Chicago Mail.]

—St. Louis man (in his room at a Chicago hotel preparing to retire)—"What's this sign? 'Don't blow out the gas!' All right. If the landlord wants 'er to burn all night it's nuthin' to me. What's this tacked onto the door? 'Rules of the house!' Jessel! 'All gas burned after 10 o'clock P. M. will be charged for.' So. That's the game, is it? Daren't blow it out and yet got to pay for it if it burns after midnight, have I? Not by a gosh blamed sight! I'd like to see any dogged Chicago builder get ahead of me that way." Empties water pitcher on gas jet and crawls into bed. —[Chicago Tribune.]

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OBITUARY.

—Little Zilphah P., daughter of John C. and Susan Cotton Collinson, died at their home at Middleburg, December 1, after a short illness. She was born January 16th, 1886, and although the dear Savior permitted her to stay but a short time on earth, her presence brightened the whole household and filled every heart with love for her. Unusually bright for her age, and very beautiful, she was the pet of everyone and strangers were particularly drawn to her. The idol of father and mother, it was a severe blow to give her up, but "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and the Master wanted her with Him. May the earthly parents in their affliction be enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

—It Kills Presence of Mind.

—An authority on the subject of the effects of alcohol on the human system says:

—A man who takes a little wine under the notion that he is going to be strengthened by it and brought up for a special effort, is entirely at sea, because there is nothing so completely disturbs the functions so as to produce disorder of mind like strong drink.

—I do not care whether we go to the rill, or to rowing, or to an operation performed by a surgeon, or to drive an engine or a coach, or to ride in a race, or to conduct an orchestra—wherever presence of mind is required—all through we never get anything but embarrassment from alcohol.

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## CHRISTMAS GIFTS !

## HOLIDAY GOODS !

—IN—

## ENDLESS VARIETY !

—THE—

## Largest and Nicest Holiday Stock

Ever displayed in Stanford; don't fail to make your purchases.

W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

THROUGH the mercy of a kind Providence, whose continued blessings few of us appreciate as we should, we are again permitted to herald the approach of another joyful season and extend to our patrons the hope that each and every one of them will realize a "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year." While many of us have passed that bright time of life that the return of the joyful event thrilled with those indescribable conditions, called "Carries in the bones," it is a sad and hardened heart indeed that cannot warm up in some degree at least to the occasion, and if we cannot be ourselves as happy and as light hearted as we used to be, we can at any rate do our best to make others feel that life is not entirely a miserable, disappointing journey from the cradle to the grave. Of all the holiday seasons Christmas is the emphatically supreme, as it should be, since it commemorates an event that brought joy to the world, peace and good will to men. What boots if the seers do tell us that the birth of Christ could not have occurred on the 25th of December, because it is the height of the rainy season in Judea and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night on the plains? It has been fixed as the day for celebrating the beginning of a new dispensation and the Christian world accepts it in good faith and honors it accordingly. Whether the birth of Christ occurred in May or December, or neither, the significance of the event is the same, for it brought to a lost and ruined world the hope of redemption and final salvation. But we are no sermonizer; we simply wanted to remind those who see nothing in the day but fun, frolic and carousal, that the birth of the little infant in the manger nearly 1,900 years ago, is not fully celebrated in winebibing, gluttony and law breaking, but in a manner that will redound to His glory and prove that we rightly appreciate the event and the joy and happiness it brought to the world. It is the season of peace and good will; let each of us strive to make it as earnest by adding as much as in us lies to the happiness and comfort of others. The Interior JOURNAL, feeling at peace with itself and all the world, sends joyful greetings to each of its subscribers and wishes each a happy time and many returns of the day.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer evidently got scooped or there is nothing in the Taulbee-pretty girl business. It says: "The old adage that 'a lie travels a league while truth puts on its boots' never was more fully exemplified than in the slanderous charges made against the Hon. Preston Taulbee, of Kentucky. From private investigation made in regard to the facts, no one there places any confidence in the truthfulness of the charge. His high standing as a man and as an official has not been in the least impaired by the circulation of such venomous reports."

Speaking of Mr. Taulbee, he is preparing to introduce a bill that should become a law without debate. It is to prohibit granting special tax stamp to liquor dealers in local option districts. The government should not license what localities have decided shall not be sold in their midst.

HON. JOHN S. BARBOUR is Senator-elect from Virginia. The legislature by a vote of 87 to him for 35 for Mahone confirmed the action of the democratic caucus, which unanimously nominated him. Unfortunately he does not take his seat until March 1889. In the meantime Riddieberger, who holds the balance of power in the Senate, is being courted and feted by the republicans, who, before he took an independent position, regarded him as everybody else does, hardly worth the notice.

THE governor of Nebraska seems to be rather a fresh individual, disposed to attend more to other people's business than his own. He has sent to the Senators from his State a protest against the confirmation of Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court, saying that no man who ever denounced Abe Lincoln and supported Jeff Davis, should be honored in this land of the free. The governor is evidently a summer coon and should go into his hole and draw it in after him.

A DECISION of the Supreme Court of Missouri declaring the Wood local option law unconstitutional is another legal victory for the "dry" and elections are to be held on the question in all the counties of the State, including the city of St. Louis. Courts nearly always decide with what they believe to be the public sentiment as the recent promulgations from them further confirm.

THE Lexington Transcript says it has information that Col. Al. S. Berry will contest with Mr. Beck for the Senatorship. Berry heard something drop when he ran for governor. It will fall on him this time and smash him into a grease spot.

THE prohibitionists have prepared a bill providing for a general local option law in the State of Kentucky and will urge its passage by the next legislature. It is cast in its provisions.

THE House voted to give its discharged employees a month's extra pay, which is the same as robbing Peter to pay Paul. Congressmen are always liberal with other people's money.

THE five fire-bugs captured in Knoxville proved to be the scoundrels who sacked and burned Tompkinsville and they have been safely lodged in jail there, though it took a heavily armed guard of 30 or more men to prevent their being lynched by the excited populace. The men were in abject terror and agreed if the sheriff would protect them from the mob to plead guilty on every charge that could be brought against them. Two of them charged with the murder of an Indiana sheriff, begged to be taken there for trial, are erring the possibility of escape to the almost certain death that seemed to stare them in the face. Nearly all of the bonds have been recovered. If the scoundrels get the full penalty upon all of the indictments that will be brought against them each will have to serve the State 48 years.

THE argument in that old, old chestnut, the Thobe contest business, is set for January 6th. Thobe has not the slightest hope for further success than to have Congress pay him a round sum for imposing himself upon it. If the business of paying contestants were stopped, there would not be half as many contests in Congress. Even Lucas, of West Virginia, who put up a claim to Faulkner's seat, was given \$1,000 for it.

A BILL for a general bankruptcy law is to be introduced in Congress after Christmas, which bears the approval of the American Bar Association. The country has been worrying along very well for several years without a bankruptcy law and it looks like it could continue to do so, but the lawyers know that one would be picking for them and nothing for the creditors, hence the endorsement.

A DESPERADO in Colorado, who had killed four deputy sheriffs, entrenched himself in a dugout and defied arrest, but when a posse succeeded in surrounding his abode with numerous cartridges of giant powder he threw up his hands and surrendered unconditionally. He had hardly gotten out before the explosion occurred tearing the dugout into a million of pieces.

ALTHOUGH Dan Doherty, the American who killed a man in London, claimed that the shot was accidental, the court very mercifully let him off with penal servitude for life. Here in Kentucky an accidental killing would have been rewarded with a prompt acquittal and perhaps a chrome. It is refreshing to observe that human life is not everywhere as cheap as here.

THE Louisville Post says that Ben Johnson, the leading candidate for Speaker of the Kentucky House, does not "drink, smoke, or curse," and consequently ought not to be honored with office. Mr. Johnson claims to be a Kentuckian, but there must be some mistake about it. He hasn't the ear marks of a thoroughbred.

THE Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat treats its patrons to an historical edition last week of 16 pages of matter full of interest and excitingly gotten up. Bro. Haynes takes the cake so far in the matter of getting up extra reading for the sea-on.

SENATOR PLUMB amused himself in the Senate Wednesday by ridiculing the president's message and terming him an alarmist. Somebody ought to have reduced him from a perpendicular to a horizontal.

THE Ways and Means Committee will be presided over by Roger Q. Mills, of Tex., and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge will be one of its members. Mills will be the recognized leader of the democrats.

WE are afraid our old Virginia friends are going to suffer this winter. Seven thousand bags of their old stand-by—the peanut—were burned in Franklin the other night.

Grammar in Politics

The Washington dispatches accredite to Senator Pugh, of Alabama, the introduction and advocacy of the following resolution.

Resolved That the most important and pressing duty of the present session of Congress is to revise and so amend the existing internal tax and tariff laws as to reduce the internal revenues to be collected therefrom to the necessary wants of the Federal Government, and no more than it needs to pay its matured debts and discharge its obligations under the laws of Congress without crippling or deranging any American industries of business or interest connected with the subjects of tariff taxation or interfering with the just rates of American working people intended to be secured to them by the incidental effects of revenue duties, to share in the joint product of the labor and capital employed in American industries, to full measure of the difference in the cost of their labor and the labor of those engaged in similar industries in Europe.

Resolved, That the Senate will concur in no joint resolution for the final adjournment of the present session of Congress until after the passage of such remedial laws as are specified in the foregoing resolution.

Considered from a political point of view, the central idea in these two resolutions is well enough, but we pause to inquire, where did the Senator study that part of grammar which the orthodox school master calls "syntax?" In our boyhood days there was a system of teaching in vogue called parsing. It dealt largely with subjects, verbs and predicates. Perhaps it was but a cumbersome piece of Tom foolery, devised by some knight of the rod and ferule to worry his not altogether obedient pupiles; but nevertheless and notwithstanding, it would be everlasting fun to tow headed, copperas-breached boy of some log school-house in the back districts to hear the Senator parse Resolve No. 1. Imagine Lindley Murray or Noble Butler romaging among congressional archives searching for choice selections to illustrate the rules of syntax, wouldn't they get up a howl when they struck this litter-

ary tid-bit? But to reach a climax, imagine Prof. Quackenbos teaching a class in rhetoric. He is lecturing upon style. He commands the pure and simple. In legislation especially, is the importance of these two features impressed upon the class. He illustrates by selections from standard authors. He picks up Senator Pugh's resolutions. "Ye gods and little fishes!" The sequel is left to the descriptive pen and fertile imagination of Soule Smith or "any other man."

We cannot concur in *totu* with the politics of the Senator's resolutions. The small leaven of incidental protection which the microscope reveals in minute quantities will not do much harm, unless it swells, as it is most likely to do, like the Royal Baking Powders (see ad. on another page) in a pane of light bread. We know a boy once who ate a half pound of dried apples and then drank water merely as an incident. The funeral sermon was pathetic!

But politics aside. We are concerned about grammar. To Senator Pugh we tender the paternal advice: Get thee to a pedagogue!

NEWSY NOTES.

—In a drunken quarrel over a woman George Kier shot and killed George Sherer in Louisville.

—Speaker Carlisle and Messrs. Randall, Mills, Reed and Cannon compose the House Committee on Rules.

—The snow storm caused the most serious blockade at E. St. Louis, Pa., that has been known for fifteen years.

—Terrell is the name of a new postoffice in Madison and A. J. McGuire has been appointed postmaster at it.

—A severe blizzard prevailed in Minnesota and Dakota this week, the mercury going down to 30° below zero.

—The Senate voted Tuesday to consider the Blair bill. Senator Beck was one of the 15 who voted in the negative.

—In a political quarrel at Opelousas, La., three men were shot and the physicians pronounced them all fatally wounded.

—Miss S. B. Stites, a faithful Christian worker and a great friend of the Barnes troupe, died at Hopkinsville this week.

—The confirmation of Secretary Lamar as Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court has been postponed until after the holidays.

—H. H. Gerson, a dude from Chicago, who played a big hand in Louisville recently, has been sent up six years for forgery.

—Claus Spreckels will build a \$500,000 beet factory at Watsonville, Cal. Similar works will be built in other parts of the State.

—The President has nominated Edward F. Bingham, of Ohio, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

—Daniel Cherdron, a saloon-keeper of Mauch Chunk, Pa., threw a half beer glass of vitriol into his wife's face, terribly disfiguring her.

—Charles S. Fairchild has been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury, and George L. Rives as Assistant Secretary of State.

—The Senate Pensions Committee reported a bill placing the name of Mrs. Jacob Logan on the pension list at the rate of \$2,000 per annum.

—John White, an employee of the Southern Express Company, at Chattanooga, has been arrested for robbing the company of a \$500 express package.

—Miss Izuz VarZundt was sent to the penitentiary for killing two canary birds belonging to a girl with whom she had quarreled, at New York.

—Fifty Chinese women, imported for immoral purposes, have been remanded back to the steamship company at San Francisco to be taken back to China.

—An engine and snow plow on the C. & N. B. & St. Louis railway, N. B., jumped into the river carrying 13 men with it. Eight were killed and the others injured.

—Several gentlemen, who expect to be upon the House Appropriation Committee, object to Mr. Holman for a colleague, and have so notified the Speaker.

—Gov. Eli H. Murray, for seven years Governor of Utah Territory, goes with his family to San Diego, Cal., for the winter, and probably to permanently remain.

—At Ballston Spa, N. Y., S. C. Crandall shot and killed his wife, her daughter, mother and himself. The family were at the breakfast table when the tragedy began.

—Warden Pearcey, of the Tennessee penitentiary, discovered a plot of convicts for a wholesale escape from prison. The discovery was made just in time to prevent it being successful.

—Richard K. Fox has sent a cablegram to manager Harding stating that Kirkin and Smith must fight again and to a finish if Smith refuses he will claim the stakes, championship and belt.

—Judge J. E. Trimble and James A. Ramsey, of Farmersville, La., had a quarrel, and on meeting each other both drew pistols and began firing. Five or six shots were fired and both were killed.

—Miss Annie Court, of Camden, N. J., 29 years of age, gave birth to illegitimate twins. The next day the infants were missing and a search resulted in finding their dead bodies in a pail of water.

—The Chief of Police at Knoxville, Tennessee, discovered bonds amounting to \$10,500 secreted under the floor of a house recently occupied by burglars. The bonds are a portion of the \$55,000 recently stolen from Tompkinsville, Ky.

—A destructive tornado visited Armstrong Academy, I. T., Fort Washita and Green at an early hour Saturday morning, causing great destruction of property and loss of life. It only lasted six minutes, but six persons were killed.

—The prize fight between Smith and Kirkin, on the Island of St. Pierre, in the river Seine, lasted for 106 rounds and was declared a draw. It was an unusual brutal affair.

—Ernest Stone and Duiley May, two young bloods of Mt. Sterling, took two colored prostitutes buggy riding on Sunday evening and were run into by the lightning express on the Chesapeake & Ohio. The whole party was instantly killed.

—Senator Beck introduced a bill providing that every person who carries on business of a retail dealer in liquor, manufacturer of tobacco, snuff or cigars, or dealer in tobacco, without having paid a special tax therefor, shall be liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in a county jail without hard labor not more than one year.

—In the track-laying record of 1887 Kansas takes the lead with 1,681 miles, Nebraska follows with 867, then comes Texas with 834, Colorado with 718, Dakota with 689, Montana with 497, Indian Territory with 463, Alabama 377, Michigan 339 and Missouri 326. All the other States and Territories fall under 300 miles. Minnesota's record is only 176.

—The Lexington grand jury, which has just adjourned, brought in 600 indictments, more than were ever before returned at one session. The proximity of the Blue grass capitol to Cincinnati is gradually giving it a foremost place among the sinful cities of the land. When Kentucky's new evangelist, Miss Belle Hunt, completes her regeneration of Nicholasville, she can find no place where her labors are as needful as wicked Lexington. —[Courier Journal.]

—Whit Maloney, of Lexington, is in town fitting gas and water pipes to the new house of J. H. Gentry, on Lexington on street.

—Mr. Ed Fox is in Vinton, Va., called there by the illness of his aged mother. Mr. Sam Lazarus, of Louisville, is in town on a visit to his brother, Fred Lazarus.

—Mr. John R. Stienberger, of Mercer county, and Miss Laura Coomer, of this county, were married Thursday by Rev. A. O. Bartholomew, of the Christian church.

—The wife of Tom Slaughter, colored, was fined \$100 in the police court on Tuesday for selling whisky. The prosecuting witness were Frank Johnson and William O'Brien.

—Mr. H. L. Webb and Miss Mary E. Wade obtained marriage license Wednesday. Both belong to the West End. They were married on Thursday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James Wade.

—L. W. Sharp, deputy sheriff of Casey county, brought Wednesday to the jail of this county Ben Roberts, recently convicted of the murder of George Baker 2 years ago. The case goes to the Court of Appeals and as the Casey jail is regarded as unsafe Roberts was brought here.

—About \$50 in money has been raised by subscription for purchasing presents for the children attending the public school. The various city merchants have contributed many articles to swell the list of presents and a number of kind hearted ladies will prepare a dinner for Friday at 2 o'clock P. M., when the presents will be distributed.

—Eutopia Lodge No. 33, K. of P. are in correspondence with Mr. E. S. Lurie, the actor and teacher of elocution, looking to the presentation at the Opera House in February, of the play of Damon and Pythias. As soon as Mr. Lurie is heard from a more definite announcement will be made.

—Santa Claus, in all his glory, is to be presented at the D. and D. Institute on Monday. The veritable old gentleman with his sleigh, reindeers and in fact all the accompaniments will be present. A general invitation is to be extended to the children of Danville and vicinity through the Sunday schools.

—Fifty dollars, which included a check by subscriber for purchasing presents for the children attending the public school, was stolen from the sleeping room of Mr. George Lawrence on Monday. The check was signed by Tim Engleman, of Lincoln county, and was made payable to the order of Mr. Lawrence. As it had not been endorsed by the latter the thief can make no use of it.

—Last Sunday was "bible day" at the Baptist church, a day set apart for the collection of money for a publishing association known as the American Baptist Society, an organization whose object it is to distribute bibles among those unable to buy them. A considerable sum of money was raised. There were recitations by Sprague Check, Willie Price, Mary Anderson, Louie Simpson, Sammy Fox, Katie Shear, Irene Stodghill, Annie Bruce and an address by Rev. T. P. Hale the pastor of the church.

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—Dealer in Fine Buggies, Carriages, Surrays, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, Farming Implements, Engines, Mills, Grain, Feed, Seeds, Coal, Lumber, Doors, Sash-Blinds, Picket Fencing, &c. Our Stock of Vehicles is larger and more complete than ever before, from the cheapest to the best.

—All of work guaranteed as represented. Prices to suit the times. We can sell you as good vehicles as any dealer or manufacturer and for as little money. Come and see our fine assortment before it is broken.

# Attention, Please.

We desire to call your attention to our fresh and—

## Complete Line of Groceries

Of every description, which we keep constantly on hand, and ask you to come and examine it as well as

## Our Stock of Hardware,

Which no retail house can compete with. While you

will show you th

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 292.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

SIX PAGES.

W. P. WALTON.

Our Christmas Tree.

This  
is,  
you  
see, a  
Christ-  
mas tree,  
one of the  
best type, too;  
and which, dear  
sir, 'tis not a  
fir, yet it was  
made for you. 'Tis  
true, you see upon  
this tree no presents  
rich and rare; yet  
please be kind, and  
bear in mind, in wish  
the gifts are there. We now  
wish all, the short and tall,  
young, middle aged and gray;  
the  
poor  
the rich,  
white,  
black  
as pitch

A Merry Christmas Day.  
—[Columbus Dispatch.]

SANTA CLAUS NOT A HUMBUG.—Santa Claus is to the children of each generation the giver of good gifts. He comes unknown to them and leaves them what their hearts most desire. He is not confined in his labor of love, but all the world over, where there are little children he celebrates once more the birth of that little child eighteen hundred years ago. He is what you will—a type, a symbol of unselfish love, bestowing goods that can not be returned in kind. He is the Great Almoner, to whom all the mysterious workshops are open, and for whom all of Nature's laws are suspended. It is a blessed thing to teach these children all that this myth, this legend teaches. As they grow old they may lose their faith, they must lose faith in the form of the table, but woe to them, and woe to us, if they lose faith in the truth of universal love and peace which is back of it all.—[Courier Journal.]

YOU CAN DO THIS.—You have it in your power, esteemed reader, during the coming holiday season to lay up a happy memory for next year by doing an act of generosity for some forlorn urchin, some needy family, some poor widow, some bedridden fellow-being, some desolate old person, some unfortunate prisoner, some stranded wreck, or some friendless specimen of our common humanity. Think of it in time. Whether the object of your generosity be black or white, Jew, Gentile or pagan, young, middle-aged or old, saint, sinner, simpleton or lunatic, the memory of your good act will be pleasant next year and the breed you cast upon the waters will return to you after many days.—[New York Sun.]

Do those democrats of Kentucky who favor the Blair Educational Bill find no significance in the fact that many of the leaders of the republican party and nearly the whole republican press favor the distribution of the appropriaion among the States according to population and not according to illiteracy? Do they experience no foretaste of the effects of a system of Federal aid when they see mixed schools in Ohio? But a democrat who cannot see centralization in its worst and most insidious form in the principle of the Blair Bill is not apt to stop at anything.—[Louisville Times.]

Twenty one years ago John Johnson disappeared from Danielsville, Ga., several months after his marriage. One year ago his wife, who had never heard from him, procured a divorce. Yesterday Johnson returned, dressed as a cowboy, and announced that he had been living in Oregon, where he has a herd of 2,700 cattle and large deposits in bank. He wants his former wife to remarry him, which she, woman like, will probably do.

A cynical old bachelor said: "I have no like beards; nobody ever has any till he is grown up." "And how is it with women?" asked a lady; "they never have any beards at all." "Nor ideas, either," answered the ruffianly old bachelor.

Twenty six car loads of canned corn is the product of the Skowhegan, Maine, factory this season, and it has nearly all been shipped. The profit of sweet corn this year is probably as good as any other crop raised.

When we remember that the Chinese Empire has a population of something like 450,000,000, then it is easier to understand now a million or so may be destroyed by a flood. There are a great many left.

This is the composition a new teacher had the pleasure of hearing read in school a short time ago:—"I like to go to school when we have a good teacher. I don't like to go to school this term."

Fir trees are the favorites with the ladies for Christmas trees—fir trees that bear tasseled sashes.—[Boston Bulletin.]

WOOD WALLACE,  
Successors to Wallace & Cochran,  
513 4th St., Louisville, Ky.  
THE GENTS' FURNISHER  
AND AGENTS FOR THE  
INDIANAPOLIS LAUNDRY.  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
OF THE  
CINCINNATI  
ENQUIRER  
FOR 1888.

An epoch in the history of American politics that promises serious and radical changes in the past and present schemes of the

Buyers and Sellers of Legislation and Political Favor.

Of wealth produced, 80 per cent. to the non-producer and 20 per cent. for the actual producer is the unequal division between

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Labor Field has been carefully kept open for all comers, and promiscuous immigration not only encouraged, but the very worst foreign pauper labor has been admitted, and under the pretense that competition would cheapen the cost of labor and force it to accept any price offered, while EVERY AVENUE OF COMPETITION HAS BEEN EFFECTUALLY CLOSED IN THE INTERESTS OF MONOPOLIES AND MAMMON FURNITURE CORPORATIONS AND CAPITAL. Thus it is, the

Rich Grow Richer and the Poor Poorer

A Money Power has dictated legislation and the administration of justice, both State and National, to such an extent as to render the Elective Franchise a nullity, if not a farce, and elected officials mere figure-heads.

TRUE TO ITS PAST HISTORY.

The editorial page of THE ENQUIRER will present a review of the past, the causes and effects, leading up to the present state of primary disruption in a series of frank and forcible articles that will show who and where and when originated the infamous class legislation.

During such a crisis a subsidized press, demagogic speeches and press associations in demand the public mind that a reliable exponent such as THE ENQUIRER IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY WITH EVERY VOTER OF WHATEVER PARTY, CREDIT OR DEBT WHO VALUES HIS MORAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS WORTH PRESERVING.

THE ENQUIRER will stand without a peer.

As a guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, its market reports will be

found full, reliable, extensive, and of very late date from every commercial center. While in size and quantity it is not equal to the

larger and more expensive papers, it is equal to two of the ordinary ones, all of which, and other excellent features, make it the

Largest, Best, and Cheapest

Paper in the Country.

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THE DAILY ENQUIRER.

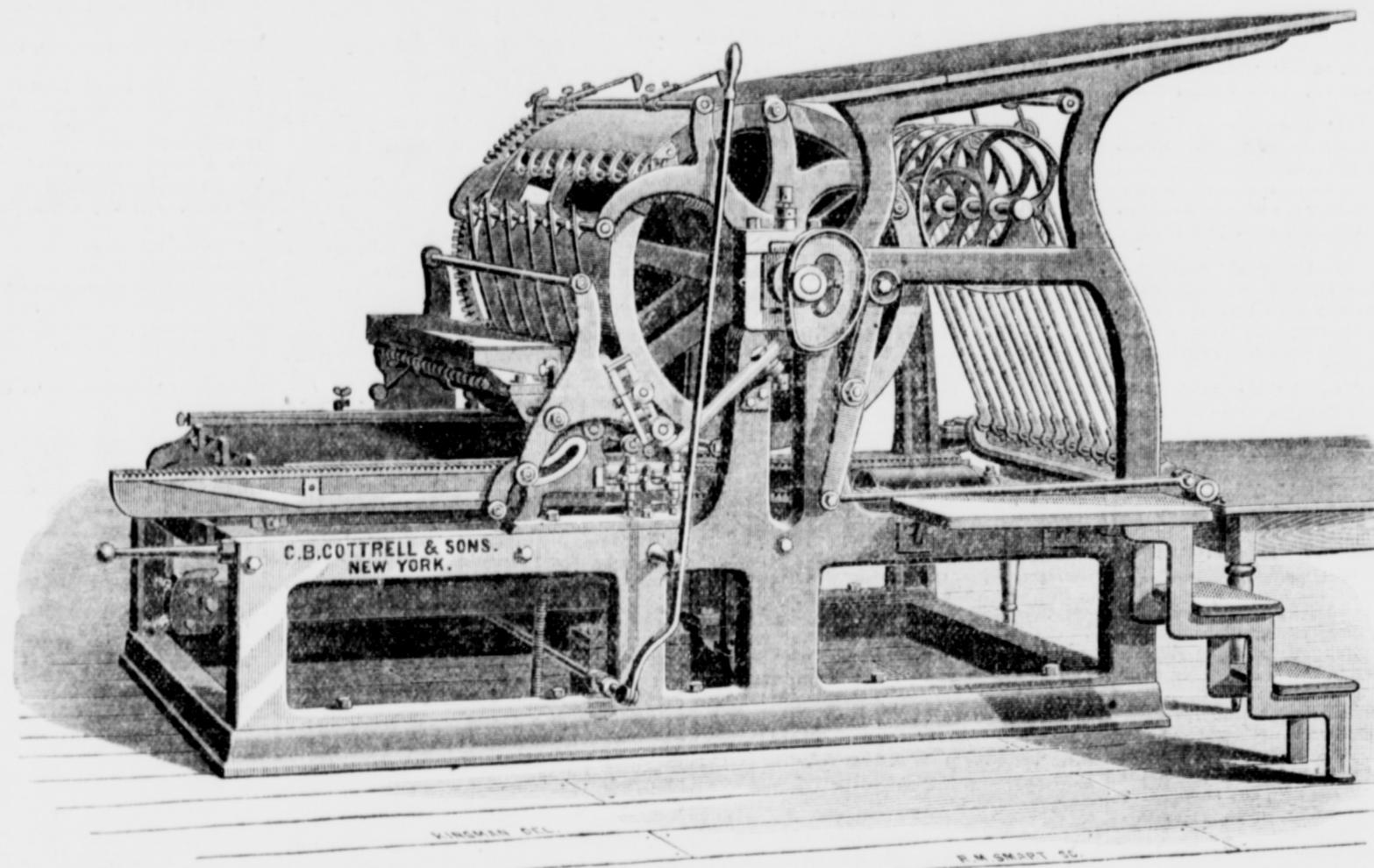
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Daily except Sunday 1.25 3.25 6.00 12.00

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER.

Price is uniform for each and every sub-  
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JOHN R. MCLEAN, Proprietor,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.



## OUR NEW PRESS.

COTTRELL'S NEW TAPELESS DELIVERY.

J. B. INGERSOLL, MASTERSON PEYTON

Successors to Wallace & Cochran,

513 4th St., Louisville, Ky.

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KNOXVILLE, TENN.

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Successors to Wallace & Cochran,

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

Stanford, Ky., - - December 23, 1887

**Published Tuesdays and Fridays,**

**AT**

**\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.**

It is understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be exacted and demanded.

**L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.**

Mail train going North 2:03 P. M.  
" " South 1:37 P. M.  
Express train" South 11:45 A. M.  
Local Freight North 6:35 A. M.  
" " South 6:50 A. M.  
The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

**K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.**

Train leaves Rowland at 7:20 A. M. and returns at 6 P. M.

**LOCAL NOTICES.**

Buy your school books and school supplies from A. R. Penny.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking Co.'s crackers and cakes.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by A. R. Penny.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches & specialties. A. R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAlister having dissolved, the seconds are ready for settlement. Come at once and settle. You may save cost.

**PERSONAL.**

—MR. ED. DAVIDSON has been very ill.

—MISS LUCY TATE is at home for the holidays.

—MISS NELLIE GAINES is visiting relatives in S. C. by country.

—MISS LILLIE HOUK, of Brodhead, is visiting Mrs. Matthe Novins.

—TINSLEY MERSHON is night clerk at the Gore House, Junction City.

—MISS NANNIE DENTON, of Hyattsville, is the guest of Mrs. B. K. WEAREN.

—MISS PATTIE COCHRAN, of Madison, is the guest of Miss Maggie Newland.

—MR. A. C. SINE went to Cincinnati Tuesday to see about the Planing Mill engine.

—MRS. HERSPERGER, of Jessamine, was the guest of Mrs. W. N. Potts, on her way to the West.

—MR. JOE S. RICE stopped over with Miss Alma Hays on his way to his home at Richmond.

—WILLIE N. CRAIG and Joe and Will Burton, of Centre College, are at home for the holidays.

—M. L. CRAFT, of Lebanon, passed up yesterday to spend a few days with his parents at London.

—MISSES ANNE SHANKS and MARY MC KEELEY, of Daughters' College, arrived yesterday to spend Christmas with their home folks.

—MRS. T. P. HILL, JR., arrived from W. K. Hill, Knott, Tuesday, and will gladness her friends till after the holidays. She is looking unusually well.

—MRS. J. H. HODGES writes us to change her paper, which she prizes very highly, to Springfield, Mo., so we suppose the family have moved thither.

—We extend both our thanks and commiseration to our faithful correspondents at Crab Orchard, Miss Maggie E. Hart, who wrote her letter hoisted up in bed.

—MR. HARRY FULLER, who was in partnership with E. W. Jones at Crab Orchard, was here this week. He thinks of going to South America in the spring.

—THAT good old Samaritan, Mr. W. N. Potts, has laid us under further obligations. He has gotten our engine to run like a top and drives the presses without half trying. May he have the biggest kind of a Christmas for his cleverness.

—REV. J. M. COLEMAN and family left yesterday for Marion City, Mo., where Mr. Coleman has accepted a call to preach. He is an earnest, Christian gentleman, calculated to do great good and we expect to hear excellent reports from him in his new home. All who know him in his new home, will be sorry to see him go.

—BESIDES a side-splitting comedy, a number of artists appear with the Pat Muldoon Company, including several ladies, who present some very clever specialties, such as singing and dancing, unstruly, bone-saws, lightning changes, &c. Miss Clara Williams is the mystic change artist and she makes seven distinct changes on the stage in full view of the audience. Remember the date—Monday night, 26th.

—OR the 11 bankers that Jailer Owens is taking care of, but one belongs to this county and he is a boy serving a sentence for carrying concealed weapons. The other prisoners are from the mountain counties, brought here for safe keeping. Speaking of the office of jailer, we heard a pronosticator remark not long since that his position would be reduced to that of a constable. The meeting held at Georgetown by Elder Cave resulted in 33 additions to the Christian church.

—REV. C. CUSHNAN, of Harrisburg, will take charge of the Winchester Presbyterian church the first of the year.

—IF you will give such articles as neckwear, underwear, a nice pair of boots or shoes for Christmas gifts you will do right. We have them. Owsley & Craig.

—IT is hardly necessary to state that the INTERIOR JOURNAL will be issued next week as usual. Our correspondents will please not go back on us, but send us even fuller reports than ever.

—LINCOLN LODGE, No. 60, A. & Y. M., will meet on Monday, 26th inst., to elect officers for the following year. All members are requested to be present. Meeting at 3 P. M. H. J. Date, W. M.

**TURKEYS** on foot for Christmas. A. T. Nunnelley.

**FRESH** fish and Oysters Saturday. Geo. T. Portman.

MT. XENIA will grow a Christmas tree tomorrow night.

**FRESH** oysters, celery, cranberries, this evening. S. S. Myers.

MART SMITH will have a turkey shooting next Monday at Jim Carter's store.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Dates, &c., at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

FOR Rent, the store-room lately occupied by Penny's Drug Store. Possession Jan. 1. John Baughman.

ORANGES, lemons, Malaga grapes, figs, dates, coconuts, candies of all kinds, apples, &c., at S. S. Myers.

A LARGE and varied assortment of Christmas goods in China and Glassware now open at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

FOR useful as well as ornamental Holiday presents call at the Great Bargain Store of S. L. Powers & Co. More goods for one dollar than anywhere in town.

STANFORD has one out and out free tracer—Judge M. C. Saulsby, who is object by John Blain, Esq., a protection democrat. All the others are tariff for revenue only democrats.

WE have received from that solid old Jeffersonian democrat, Daniel Stagg, Sr., a long letter, which but for the fact that it was marked "private" we might have given in full to our readers.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE predicted a cold wave Tuesday and she came on time. Wednesday it said cold, fair weather and it was again verified. Yesterday the predictions were fair and warmer and thus it came to pass.

DON'T forget the supper and bazaar to be given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church at Penny's old stand to night. Admission 50 cents, which includes as much of the supper as you can conveniently get away with.

NEXT WEEK will be a lively one at the Opera House. Monday night Pat Muldoon will be the attraction; Tuesday night the Merry Bachelors take possession and Thursday night the Christian church concerto occurs.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL presents its readers with an extra half sheet in this edition for a Christmas gift. This makes three double numbers and the extra page this month. A photograph of our new press appears on the extra sheet.

IN selecting your Christmas presents these hard times you should select something that is durable as well as pretty. We still have a very pretty line of ladies wraps, dress goods and trimmings; a large line of bed blankets, comforts, &c. Owsley & Craig.

IT begins to look like the Opera House will not hold the crowd that will assemble to enjoy the performance of the Pat Muldoon Specialty Company. In order to be sure of a seat you had better interview McRoberts & Stagg at once. They will insure you one for 75 cents.

WAYNESBURG—Squire E. B. Caldwell, Jr., writes that the Waynesburg Sunday school will have a Christmas tree Saturday, 24th, to which everybody is invited.—The wife of N. H. Goode and a little son of M. T. Morgan died Monday. Mrs. Caldwell, who has been very ill, is improving slowly. Hon. E. S. Goode's child is also on the mend.

THE Knoxville division has recently had five engines added to its quota, making about 14 in all and they are taxed to their limit to pull the freight on the line. Chief Train Dispatcher J. E. Florence tells us that more than 100 car loads of coal are taken to Louisville daily, the cars averaging at least 40,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 4,000,000,000 pounds.

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MRS. CLEVELAND announces that she will not receive any Christmas gifts. Neither will we, for nobody will send them to us.

THE railroads are more liberal than ever with their patrons. You can go anywhere during Christmas at one fare for the round-trip.

AS NO fire crackers or fire-works can be sold here unless a license of \$25 is procured, we will probably get through the holidays without the usual display of artillery.

THE Nashville & Knoxville road, 150 miles in length, is being graded rapidly. One former townsmen, Mr. J. C. Rodemer, has contracted for 22 miles between Cookeville and Pavay Fork, and a large force is now at work upon it. The road passes through the great coal fields of Fentress county, Tenn.

THE Masonic Lodge at McKinney will have a dinner on the 27th, to which we have been honored with an invitation. The committee to see that everything is done handsomely and in order is composed of the following members: J. K. Carson, J. P. Crow, King Huston, Dr. Ed M. Estes and Ed J. Tanner.

THE Presbytery refused to absolve Rev. W. E. Keller from his charge at Bardstown. It seems that Mr. Keller had become despondent over the unsympathetic manner of his congregation and worried over constantly increasing debts which he could not pay because his salary was never forthcoming. On a promise by the deacons and elders that they would do better in the future, Mr. Keller consented to try 'em another year.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

J. W. Givens sold to Robinson & Givens 18 cotton miles at \$90.

A. M. Feland sold to Robert Russell a bunch of shoots at 4 cents and a lot of fat, 200 long hogs to J. W. Guest at 5 cents.

—Gilman, of Lexington, has shipped 21,000 turkeys to New York and Boston, netting 150,000 pounds for which he paid \$17,000.

—Co. W. C. Goodloe has bought the old Henderson place, considered one of the finest suburban places at Lexington, at \$150 per acre.

—Finley & McMeekin bought of E. K. Thomas, of Bourbon county, for Tennessee parties, 46 miles at \$107 per head—[Georgetown Times].

—Gentry Bros., bought yesterday 5 miles at prices ranging from \$125 to \$150 per head. Wakefield & Lee sold to E. D. Pendleton, of Bristol, Tenn., 45 extra cotton miles, [Danville Advocate].

—The Courier-Journal publishes a list of 48 Kentucky trotters and pacers that can go their mile in 2:30 and better. Next year the test of merit will be 2:25.

—GEORGETOWN COURT.—About 120 cattle on sale, with no extra ones, and selling at \$2.75 to \$3.50 per cwt. One bunch of two year-old males sold at \$106.75 per head.

A would be master selected a factory girl on the streets of Augusta, Me., the other evening and wanted to go home with her. She said he might and then carefully led her escort into a water tank that was sunk in the ground. She stood and laughed at him as he crawled out, wet as a drowned rat and sneaked off.

—Mr. Sidney Austin took to himself a little Christmas present yesterday in the person of Mrs. Eliza Brown, a widow, several years his senior. The knot was tied by Judge Vernon in the court house, and the couple hied themselves to their Green river home to enjoy the delights of a honeymoon.

—Married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. G. Newton Bradley, on the 20th, by Rev. J. M. Coleman, Miss Mary E. Bradley to Mr. George A. Eubanks. The groom is a clever and well to do young widower and the bride a deserving and amiable young lady, who will make him a most valuable help-mate.

—The next day after we made an appeal for the young couples to rally to the clerk's office and help I. H. S. Cooper give his large and growing family a Christmas present each, seven couples walked up and plunked down the cash for licenses to wed. An advertising medium the INTERIOR JOURNAL cannot be excelled. Now is the time to subscribe.

—Mr. Henry C. Toombs and Miss Matilda Elliott were married at George A. Hughes', McKinney, on the 20th, and on the same day Jerry M. Toombs, the first of the named group, was united to Miss Permelia Susan Moore, of the same place, daughter of Drewry L. Moore. Both brides are sweet 17 and the grooms 23 and 21 respectively.

—W. does, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Rout at Rowland, by Rev. A. S. McFetts, Miss Sallie B. Rout and Mr. J. T. Johnson, a worthy young engineer on the L. & N., were united in matrimony. Miss "Patsy" is a comely and excellent young lady and we join her friends in wishing for her and the man of her choice a long and happy married life.

—At the last term of the circuit court Mrs. Nannie Borge was granted a divorce from her husband and restored to her maiden name, Spratt. Yesterday she again took upon herself the marriage vow, Mr. John W. Reynolds, a widower of 41, being the happy man of her second choice. We hope they will be very happy and that the courts will no more have to be invoked in behalf of either of them.

—RELIGIOUS.

—The meeting held at Georgetown by Elder Cave resulted in 33 additions to the Christian church.

—Rev. C. C. Cushing, of Harrisburg, will take charge of the Winchester Presbyterian church the first of the year.

—Rev. R. A. Hopper will preach a Christmas sermon at the Junction City Christian church Christmas day.

—The remains of the deceased members of the Elder John A. Gano family, 21 in number, have been moved from the private burying ground, near Centerville, to the Georgetown cemetery. —[Times].

—At Philadelphia, Father Mahoney, suspended from his church for irregularities, has opened an office and is doing a big business curing diseases by miraculous power. Many credulous women are being imposed upon.

—Rev. P. G. Eaton writes from Louisville: Please announce in Friday's paper a Christmas entertainment by the "Sons of Basm" at the Baptist church Sunday at 3 P. M. Recitations and interesting programs; public cordially invited. Pastor will preach at 11 A. M. on "The joys and dangers of the festive season." Wish all a happy Christmas!

—Prof. C. P. Williamson has been called by the congregation of the Christian church at Richmond, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of their late pastor, Prof. W. D. McClinton. The salary offered is \$1,500 per year.

—The Presbytery refused to absolve Rev. W. E. Keller from his charge at Bardstown. It seems that Mr. Keller had become despondent over the unsympathetic manner of his congregation and worried over constantly increasing debts which he could not pay because his salary was never forthcoming. On a promise by the deacons and elders that they would do better in the future, Mr. Keller consented to try 'em another year.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

GRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

We are confined to our bed with a light touch of pneumonia, consequently this letter is written under disadvantages.

Our town is soon to have another dress-making establishment. It will be presided over by Miss Eva Adams, of Garrison county.

No fire crackers, Roman candles or anything of the kind can be shot on the streets during Christmas. This is the substance of a law recently passed here.

Mr. W. F. Kennedy met with quite a painful accident one day last week. He fell from a barn loft and sprained one of his ankles so that he has been unable to walk.

The Good Templars' oyster supper was well attended last Friday night and greatly enjoyed. It was not given at the College, where they at first expected to have it, but in the parlors of the old corner hotel.

Mr. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, was the guest of his wife this week. Miss Nellie Yantis, of Garrard county, is visiting Mrs. J. C. King. Dr. J. D. Pettus has gone to Birmingham, Ala., to look out a location for himself and family. Mr. John Magee, of Paint Lick, has been visiting relatives here. Mr. Morris Harris is at home for the holidays.

The Baptist church was entered one night last week by some unknown persons by means of breaking a fastening on one of the windows. The sexton said that when she went to the church Sunday morning surrounding circumstances plainly indicated that card playing had been engaged in there, as a fire had been built in one of the stoves, a lamp lit and several chairs, a table and a bench drawn around the stove.

Rev. J. L. Smith, who was to have preached little Jennie Evans' funeral, could not come, and Rev. A. S. Moffet, of Stanford, preached it instead. A number of relatives from Danville and Stanford were present. Jennie was an exceedingly bright child and a favorite with everybody, particularly in the home circle, where she was so fondly loved. The most tender and watchful care was bestowed upon her during her long illness. Her spirit passed to its home in heaven peacefully and calmly and now mother and daughter dwell together to part no more. The family have the sympathy of the whole community in their grief and loss.

The protracted meeting at the Christian church closed last Tuesday night with twelve additions. Five by confession, three by restoration and four from other churches united with this congregation. All of the regular sermons were delivered by Rev. R. A. Hopper, excepting two by Rev. J. B. Gibson. Rev. J. Q. Montgomery was present at different intervals and made several good exhortations. Rev. H. A. Hopper is an excellent preacher and during this meeting we heard some of the best sermons we ever listened to. The new converts were baptized in the lake at the Springs by Rev. J. G. Livingston.

ALL OVER AN EGG.—A telegram from Flemingsburg shows what a big fire a small matter sometimes kindleth. As case has been running as a serial in our police court all this week which has netted the officers a sum amount in fees and materially increased the school fund of this district, and it has its origin in the ownership of an egg. George Berry and Dock Coleman are neighbors, and the latter is the owner of a hen—an ordinary, every day hen. This fowl Monday wandered aimlessly into the Berry cellar, and after a short stay there announced by a triumphant cackle that she had increased the world's visible supply of eggs by one. Mrs. Coleman heard the clarion note of her hen and hurried after the usurper. She and Mrs. Berry fought, and their husbands fought, and their children fought, and their friends fought, and they have been hiring lawyers and paying fines all week. Nothing has been settled yet as to the ownership of the egg.

BARNUM WRITES A STORY.—The opening chapters of a splendid story for the young, by the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, appears this week in the columns of the New York Family Story Paper. The story describes the adventures of an American boy, whom Mr. Barnum calls "My Plucky Boy Tom," and whom he sent to India in search of wild, fierce and rare animals to replace those destroyed by the disastrous fire at Bridgeport last month. The reader is thrilled by the hair-breadth escapes of this dauntless American boy when capturing the fiercest and wildest animals ever seen in any traveling show. The New York Family Story Paper is for sale at all newsstands.

The origin of the phrase "Witness my hand and seal," goes back to the days when writing was a rare accomplishment. Regarding those times we are told that even "Kings did not know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a contract, law, or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down on the parchment, saying: 'Witness my hand.' At a later day the seal was devised and used instead of the hand, often along with the hand."

Romeo and Juliet married and settled—"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why didst thou not come home?" "My Juliet, hear me I did with brave Mercutio to a friend's repast. A mighty sickness held him in its clutch. We watched, sweet Juliet, by his couch." "Come hither, Romeo, I would the perfume of thy breath inhale. 'Tis as I feared—told! On, this is maddening!"

## THE LION'S CLAW.

Lieut. Julian de Rhe had returned from his station in Cochin China in a sad plight, but now, after three long months of illness, he had commenced to improve and to be able to take the air on the terrace overlooking the Loire, supported by the arms of his mother or his sister. The fresh air of the river, however, growing chill with the approach of autumn, made the young man cough and shiver.

"It must winter in a warmer climate," the physician had said. "Send him to Pau, and in three months he will return to Lorraine and to you, Mme. la Marquise, entirely restored."

This was why Julian de Rhe, leaning from his sun-lighted window in the Hotel de Gardères, contemplated the magnificent panorama of the Pyrenees and smoked the cigarette of returning health with so much enjoyment. It seemed to him that he had resumed his youth and the feelings of sixteen years.

"Tiens!" but this Pau is full of lovely women," said Julian to himself, as, loafing in the sunshines before the statue of King Henry on the Place Royale, he looked about him and listened to the strains of the military band.

Neither a coxcomb nor in any sense a libertine, our young sailor was blessed not only with a strong love for the beautiful in life, but the vanity of his age as well, and he hastened to seek out and don his uniform, cap and jacket, with its three golden stripes and its rosette of the Legion of Honor, with a pride in which one is never too old or too ill to indulge.

Some way or other, Julian was conscious of an ever recurring sense of pleasure that it was Pau upon which the doctor had settled as a measure toward convalescence. It was exquisite, this golden sunshines which warmed without burning; this sky blue, the enchanting landscape and distant amphitheatre hills, their peaks of snow resting among the clouds. It was amusing to mingle with the cosmopolitan crowd, among these beautiful foreigners, and to listen to them chattering in all the tongues of Europe, like the different songs of the birds in an aviary.

Breathing the warm sweet air in deep full draughts, basking in contentment and a constant sun, carefully attired, freshly shaved and proud as a boy of his glittering rosettes, Julian de Rhe was happy and grateful for the boon of life in a world to beautiful.

Throwing pennies to the beggars, watching with glowing eyes the lovely women who crossed his path, playing with the children in their long black stockings, red shoes and flying skirts, dancing beneath the trees of the Palace Royale, time sped on, the hours into days, the days into weeks and months.

Enchanting conditions under which to fall in love, were they not? And this happy convalescent received the thunderbolt the day he saw Mme. Olga Barabarine, the most beautiful girl of the Russian colony, descend from her horse before the door of the Hotel Gassion, where she resided with her mother. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. She was returning from a fox chase, and the five or six red coated admirers who accompanied her leaped to the ground, almost upsetting each other in their eagerness to assist her to dismount. She let herself glide indifferently into the arms of the first comer, and stepping into the veranda ordered them to serve her with a cup of milk at once, which she drank where she stood, the graceful curves of her slender figure displayed by the well fitting riding habit, the heavy braids of her copper colored hair escaping from the claspment and spreading over her shoulders. A moment later, with a nod of dismissal to the gallants who attended her, she passed into the hotel.

Three days later Julian de Rhe, who had spent the intervening time saying to his acquaintances "Who is she? In pity's name tell me, for I am madly in love with her. I adore her!" was presented, not a very difficult thing to accomplish at the house of the ladies Barabarine, and at once took his post in the squadron of lovers surrounding this beautiful Russian. But was she a Russian, after all, this fascinating creature, who since the commencement of the season galloped all day and waltzed all night? Yes, by her reputed father, the Count Barabarine, the first husband of her mother, though everybody knew that the Countess Barabarine was divorced before the birth of this child, and for a long time had been the morganatic wife of a noble from the north—a Christian or an Oscar-something.

The countess herself was the daughter of a New York banker by the name of Jacobson. Had she a nationality at all, this beautiful Olga brought up on a regimen of the best switchings, part of the time in the frozen atmosphere of a Scottish nursery, again in a Protestant boarding school at Genoa, the rest of her existence passed upon the cushions of railroad trains—who could pass before her in memory, like the pictures of the microscope, all the watering places of Europe, all the sea-side resorts and winter stations, where her mother, a beautiful woman still in spite of her made complexion, had promenaded for twenty years with all her worn out airs of coquetry, her sunniness and her cage of pampered monkeys?

Alas! it was true, she had no country, this strange girl, who combined within herself the modesty of a virgin with the boldness of a boy.

"I am neither of London, of Paris, Vienna nor St. Petersburg," she would say with a smile sadder than any tear; "I am only of the table d'hôte."

Had she a family? None at all; her real father, the Christian or Oscar of the north, of whom the Countess Barabarine was never weary of talking, had been dead for many years, and as for the Russian count, her father in name and law—provided you stretched it a little—he never troubled himself about her. Utterly ruined in fortune, he had really no means of existence save his unerring gun, and gained a living by going from city to city and winning the prizes at the pigeon shootings, a sort of civilized leatherlocking, in fact, to be found in more places than between the leaves of Cooper's romantic novel.

And Olga's mother? In spite of her personal and maternal tenderness, which gripped upon all and deceived none, she was endowed with an egotism, a selfishness, absolutely sublime, and which never for a moment found itself at fault.

Julian de Rhe learned all these details only after he was enrolled in the flying squadron maneuvering ceaselessly in the wake of Olga Barabarine. It would have made no difference, however, had he heard them before, for he had begun to love, to truly love, this strange yet irresistible girl, who looked him in the eyes with the candor of a child, and said to him the day a mutual friend presented him:

"Ah, it is you—who are so much in love with me! How do you do, sir?" and she gave her hand and a clasp as firm as a man's.

Yes, this brave and honest sailor began to love her, and to love her all the more as he heard and understood her story; but he was not deceived. Olga was fanciful—badly brought up, yet free from coquetry, and with a heart that was both proud and true. Perhaps she felt as keenly as he felt himself the humiliation of her position and the life she was forced to lead. One thing was cer-

tain: she judged, and judged severely, the score or more of suitors for her favor who carelessly beside her in the daily fox chase and every night inscribed their names upon her dancing card: "They admired her, they adored her—pour masser le temps—not one among them esteemed her sufficiently to ask her hand in marriage."

For this reason she treated them disdainfully, and quickly brought them to their senses at the slightest attempt to pass the limit she had placed upon their approaches; they should at least respect her!

Julian, to whom delicacy of feeling lent a rare penetration, recognized beneath the brusque exterior the true worth and loyalty of this girl, so beautiful yet so unfortunate, but bearing her troubles and her mortification with the courage of a strong, reserved nature.

Did he wish to marry her? Yes, and to take her from a life full of peril, to carry her to her mother, a tender, loving woman who would surround her with the peaceful atmosphere of a home; in a word, his love should save her. Nay, more than this, he dreamed that Olga divined his hopes, and that at those "4 to 6 teas" of the Countess Barabarine, where all of her admirers were treated with the carelessness of a "bon camarade," her eyes met his with a look in their depths that responded to his generous pity, his infinite love.

"Yes, Mme. Barabarine, my leave of absence expires in ten days. I leave Pau tomorrow to spend a few hours with my sister in Tournai, after that I depart for Brest in a year, or eighteen months at most, I shall again be at sea."

They were alone in a corner of the Gascons' reading room, standing at an open window looking out upon the night and a sky that sparkled with millions of stars.

"Adeu, then, mon amie," replied Olga, in her clear, frank voice, "and bon voyage! I've something to ask of you, Mons. de Rhe, before we part. Give me the Lion's Claw which you wear upon your watch guard as a trinket. I want it. It came from a lion which you killed while in Africa, did it not? A sort of wild beast myself, the trinket suits me. Give it to me, please?"

"Yes," said Julian, slipping the trinket off the ring and laying it in the young girl's hand. Something in the touch of those little fingers ran through his veins like fire. He could no longer restrain himself, but cried aloud:

"I love you, Olga; I love you—will you be my wife?"

For a moment Olga did not answer, but remained with her hand in his, her dark eyes fixed upon his face.

"No!" she said at last, slowly and without a trace of emotion; "no, and yet you are the first and only one—who has ever loved me sufficiently to ask it of me; for that reason I refuse you!"

"Olga!" began Julian, in a strangled voice.

"Stop!" she continued, with a decided gesture. "You must listen to me and understand why it is that I say to you, No—a thousand times no! if necessary to convince you. It is—that I am not worthy of you, and that I should make you unhappy. Do you remember?" she went on, her words sounding cold and firm through the stillness of the night, "the letter that you thought you had lost from your sister? Ah, well, my friend, you let it fall here; I picked it up and read it. It was her reply to the confidence you had made her of your sentiments for me, sentiments which I have known for many weeks. She rejoiced, artless and tender child that she is, but in terms that showed me as nothing has ever done before what a profound, what a humiliating difference exists between a pure young girl like that and one brought up like myself. In reading that letter, full of intimate and touching plans and details, I saw that your family was an old and noble one, of honorable and unimpeachable pedigree and of honest wives and mothers. Thank God, Mons. de Rhe, thank him hourly, that the woman who brought you into the world is one of whom you can never think without feeling something indescribably sweet throbbing in the depths of your soul. I also have a mother—Olga Barabarine. You have only seen her frivolous, perhaps ridiculous; I have been forced to judge her. If you were to ask for my hand she would refuse you. You are not a prince; your fortune is only moderate. My mother has determined—my mother has brought me up—to make an elevated marriage—or otherwise. Truly, my friend, I have had a bitter experience for a girl of 19 years! It is horrible, is it not? Nevertheless, it is true. Behold why we were last winter at Nice, last summer at Skewenique, why we are now at Pau, and why we roll like baggage from one end of Europe to the other. My mother, you understand, a spot of crimson burning in her cheeks, "my mother has been almost a royal princess; she has made me comprehend, and to comprehend it from the hour I was 15 years of age, that I was destined to become a duchess at least, a morganatic one, if necessary, but still a duchess!" A marriage with a gentleman almost a simple citizen would be my happiness. I also have a mother—Olga Barabarine. You have only seen her frivolous, perhaps ridiculous; I have been forced to judge her. If you were to ask for my hand she would refuse you. You are not a prince; your fortune is only moderate. My mother has determined—my mother has brought me up—to make an elevated marriage—or otherwise. Truly, my friend, I have had a bitter experience for a girl of 19 years! It is horrible, is it not? Nevertheless, it is true. 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